

MACABRE TALES TO BLOW YOUR MIND!

47357
NO 6
MAY
1972
60¢

PSYCHO

A SKYWARD PUBLICATION

THE VICIOUS
VICTIM OF
THE
VOW

THE
**MIDNIGHT
SLASHER**

THE
**SEVENTH
VOYAGE
OF
SINBAD**
A PHOTO
PHENOMENON

Frankenstein
and the
**PHANTOM
OF THE
OPERA**


**SAND
CASTLE**

THE
HEAP
TURNS
HUMAN



PSYCHO'S SUPERNATURAL SERIES

ABRASAX



ABRASAX is a chimera from whose name is derived the sorcerer's word ABRACADABRA. He is represented as having the head of a cock and the feet of a dragon; he carries around with him a whip. Students of witchcraft and mythology have pictured him as a demon with the head of a king and with serpents for legs. To the Egyptian Basilides, ABRASAX was the supreme god. Because the sum of the seven Greek letters contained in his name was 365—the number of days in the year—these second-century heretics gave him control of several spirits who presided over the three hundred and sixty-five virtues, one for each and every day.

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MARCE

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Editor:
SOL BRODSKY
Assistant Editor:
JEFFREY KOVIN

Business Mgr:
**HERSCHEL
WALDMAN**

Writers: Sean Todd, Ed Federy, Douglass Moench, Pat Bayette,
Gus St. Anthony, Jeff Jones, Russ Andreu
Artists: Sean Todd, Jeff Jones, Pat Bayette, Gus St. Anthony,
Russ Andreu, Pablo Marcos, Bill Everett
Cover: Vic Segall

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TONIGHT—AARON PARIGEE
WOULD NOT DREAM HIS CURSE
OF THE DAMNED! HE WOULD
NOT STAND AT THE MOUTH OF A
HELL, PEOPLED WITH VILE,
RANCID, LOATHSOME THINGS
SPAWNED IN THE DARK RILLS
OF A TORMENTED MEMORY!!

NO... NOT TONIGHT...
FOR THIS DAY HE HAD
KEPT...

THE VOW!

BUT, EVEN IN THE MOMENT OF
TRIUMPH, AARON'S TORTURED
BODY TREMBLED FROM A
FAMILIAR, CHILLING SPASM THAT
SEEMED TO ERUPT FROM THE
ICY PULP OF HIS OWN MARROW
...AND HIS THOUGHTS RACED
BACK TO THAT DAY SO LONG AGO
WHEN HIS WIFE LAY DYING...A
VICTIM OF THE PLAGUE....

YES... MANY TO ATTEND!...
FOR THE HOMES, THE
STREETS—PERHAPS THE
WHOLE WORLD WAS BEING
SANDWHERED BY THE SWEET
STENCH OF DEATH!

AND THERE WAS ALSO
THE LIVING DEAD WHO
DEFILED THE NIGHTS WITH
THEIR PUTRID BODIES, THEIR
ANGRY OATHS, AND THEIR
VENGEFUL FIRES!

BURN

BURN



ONLY THE CERTAIN
HAND OF FATE LED
AARON AND HIS
DAUGHTER TO A
PLACE OF SAFETY!

DEATH TO THE
ARISTOCRATIC
DEVILS...BURN
THE DOGS!

THE FILTH...THEY'RE
BURNING OUR HOME!

FURTHER GOOD FORTUNE DIRECTED
AARON TO THE DOOR OF HIS OLD
FRIEND-THE PREFECT OF POLICE....

HELP YOU? MY
GOD, MAN...I
CAN'T EVEN
HELP MYSELF!

THE INSURGENTS
...THE DISEASE...
WE WILL ALL DIE!

WAIT!...THERE IS
ONE THING...I NEED
A MAN TO OVERSEE
DISPOSAL OF THE
CORPSES! WE MUST
AT LEAST PRETEND
AT CIVILIZATION!

YES...I WILL
DO IT! AND-
THERE IS A
HOUSE AT THE
CREMATORIUM
...WE CAN
STAY THERE!

AND SO IT BEGAN
...THAT GRISLY TASK!
BUT AARON AND
HIS DAUGHTER WERE
SAFE IN THEIR
FORTRESS OF DESPAIR!

AND THERE WERE
EVEN REWARDS
MANY OF THE
CADAVERS CARRIED
VALUABLES!

THE DEVIL WILL NOT GET
EVERYTHING...NO...WE
SHALL BE PAID FOR THIS
LEPEROUS WORK...WE
SHARE ALIKE!

OTHER THAN
OURSELVES...
THERE ARE FEW
WITH COURAGE
TO TOUCH THE
DEAD...EVEN
TO TAKE THEIR
TREASURE!

THROUGH THE NIGHTS
OF TERROR, AARON
PARIGEE'S LEGION
ROAMED WITH
IMMUNITY TO DISEASE
AND REVOLUTION...
COLLECTING THE HUMAN
REFUSE THAT LITTERED
THE STREETS AND
DOORWAYS...

AND FROM THE
CREMATORIUM
BELCHED CONSTANT
CLOUDS OF ACID
SMOKE...



AARON SET ABOUT HIS WORK WITH A PURITY THAT MADE HIM
OBLIVIOUS TO HIS SURROUNDINGS—EVEN TO THE WIDE LITTLE
EYES—TRANSFIXED ON THE MORBID ACTIVITY...



HIS LITTLE DAUGHTER
CASSANDRA WAS AARON'S
ONLY JOY... AND HER
WARMTH SEEMED TO
SOFTEN THE DEEP
TRENCHES OF STRAIN
THAT BLASHED HIS
FACE...





IN THE YEARS THAT FOLLOWED
..THERE WAS NEVER A SHORTAGE
OF CLIENTS..THE PLAGUE WAS
REPLACED BY THE GUILLOTINE!
A JADED AUBREY PAROISE NO
LONGER RETCHED AT THE ODOR
OF HIS NECROPOLIS! THE LOOK
OF THE DEAD WAS SO COMMON-
PLACE THAT HE CEASED TO
SEE IT...



HOWEVER, THE HORRORS OF HIS WORLD
WERE NONE-THE-LESS REAL, AND A
SINGLE EXPERIENCE SERVED TO JOLT
HIS AWARENESS...



CASSANDRA!
CASSANDRA,
WHERE ARE
YOU GIRL?

I'M UP
HERE
FATHER!



..AND WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
IN THE ATTIC?

..I'M
VISITING
WITH MY
FRIEND!



FRIEND? YOU
HAVE NO...



..FRIEND!

THIS IS
MIMI!

NAUSEA AND GUILT STABBED AT AARON'S SOUL AS HE RETREATED FROM THE REPULSIVE SCENE...

I'VE FAILED MY DAUGHTER IN A MOST HORRIBLE WAY... I VOWED TO BRING HER HAPPINESS... BUT... BUT... I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT UP TO HER!

IN DESPERATION, AARON SHOWERED CASSANDRA WITH GIFTS, BUT LIKE MOST FATHERS, HE FAILED TO NOTICE THAT SHE COULD NO LONGER BE INTERESTED IN CHILDISH BAUBLES... FOR RECENTLY THERE WAS A DIFFERENT LIGHT IN HER EYES...

LISTEN... A MUSIC BOX!

YES... THANK YOU!

THEN... ONE NIGHT, QUITE BY ACCIDENT... HE GLIMPSED A FAMILIAR FIGURE AS IT SWEEP ACROSS THE COURTYARD!

CASSANDRA... WHERE...



AND SO AARON RECEIVED STILL ANOTHER SURPRISE... HIS BRAIN EXPLODED... HIS SENSES REELED...



... BUT NOW HE COULD ACT IN A MOST POSITIVE WAY AGAINST THIS NEW MENACE TO HIS DAUGHTER!

ENOUGH, YOU WNCING DANDY!



IF YOU TOUCH MY CHILD AGAIN... I'LL FEED YOU TO MY FIRES! I KNOW YOUR FACE... I KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU!



CASSANDRA LAPSED INTO DEEP DESPAIR...AND IN SORROW SHE BEGAN TO WASTE AWAY...



I'M SORRY, AARON... SHE'S LOST HER WILL TO LIVE! PERHAPS IT'S THIS DISMAL PLACE...

NO... PHYSICIAN! IT IS SOMETHING I HAVE DONE!

SO... IT WAS NO ACCIDENT THAT AN UNSIGNED LETTER APPEARED IN THE EMPEROR'S QUARTERS...



NOW... WE COME TO THIS NIGHT AND AARON PARIGEE'S COMFORT IN HAVING BROUGHT JOY TO HIS DAUGHTER'S ACHING HEART...



CASSANDRA... YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... THAT MAN CANNOT BE A "RIGHT LOVE" FOR YOU! I KNOW HIM TO BE ANDRE BRIGANCE... AND HE IS A RUMORED PARAMOUR OF THE EMPRESS... AND IF THE EMPEROR KNEW OF THAT SHABBY LITTLE AFFAIR... HE'D...



THOSE IN AUTHORITY SAID THE NOTE OF INDICTMENT THREW THE EMPEROR INTO A FROTHING RAGE...



I AM HIS TRUE LOVE! I WANT HIM WITH ME! IF IT CANNOT BE... THEN I SHALL DIE!



NO... PLEASE! I WILL DO SOMETHING...

...AND ALTHOUGH BRIGANCE MAY HAVE BEEN A GREAT LOVER... HE WAS A PITIFULLY POOR LIAR...



NO... NO I HAVE NOT KNOWN THE EMPRESS... NO!

THE COMPETENT UNION OF A SCARLET LETTER, CUPID, AND LA BELLE GUILLotine HAD DELIVERED THE GROOM... AND EVEN NOW A LOVING CASSANDRA IS BUSY...



...SEWING HIS HEAD BACK ON!

HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?

HE'S TALL, HE'S GAUNT AND
RECKLESS. HE'S DRAFTY,
CRUEL, AND GENGELESS...



WHA--?
THE
SLASHER!
NO! NO!
AAAGGHH!

THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER

HAVE YOU NEVER
HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT
SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE
WHO LURKS ON THE
THRESHOLD OF FEAR.

THE SLASHER'S
WORK, INSPECTOR
RICHARDS! AND IT
HAPPENED AT
MIDNIGHT! JUST
LIKE THE OTHERS!

HE SEEMS
TO SELECT
HIS VICTIMS AT
RANDOM!

...SETTLES
FOR WHOEVER'S
AROUND AT
MIDNIGHT!

"DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?
HE'S THE ONE ON EVERYONE'S TONGUE..."

IT'S JUST
BLOODY 'ORRIBLE,
MISS WATTS! THE
SLASHER DID IN
ANOTHER ONE LAST
NIGHT, AND WHAT
ARE THE POLICE
DOIN' ABOUT 'IM?
NOTHIN' THEY
AIN'T!

YOU WORRY
TOO MUCH, MISSUS
SHRIMPION! THE POLICE
WILL CATCH HIM,
SOON ENOUGH!

HAVE YOU EVER SENSED
THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER?
HE'S THE ONE WHO CREEPS
OUTSIDE YOUR WALLS...

DONG DONG DONG

THE POLICE!
MAM!--THEY NEVER
CAUGHT SLY JACK,
DID THEY? THE
RIPPER MADE FOOLS
OF THEM--JUST
LIKE THE SLASHER'S
DOIN'!

PLEASE,
I'VE NO
TIME FOR
HYSTERICAL
TALK.
LEAVE ME
ALONE!

HE'LL SMASH
YOUR WINDOWS...
SMOTHER YOUR CRIES...

BRA
KASH
CHINKLE

DONG DONG

NO, GOD,
N-NO...THE
S-SLASHER!
NO, NO...

AAAAIEEEEE!

DONG DONG DONG



SO YOU LEFT
JUST BEFORE
MIDNIGHT, AND
HEARD MISS
WATTS
SCREAMING...?

I RAN
BACK TO
SEE WHAT IT
WAS ALL ABOUT!
POOR MISS WATTS!
WHAT ARE YOU
POLICE GON' TO
DO ABOUT IT?



FIRST OF ALL,
WE'RE GOING TO
BE COGNIZANT OF
ALL THE FACTS. LEST
WE UNDERTAKE
SPECIOUS INTERPRETA-
TIONS STEEPED IN
SOPHISTRY OR
INSIGNIFICANT
ABSURDITY!

ACH, FANCY
WORDS WON'T
BRING YE ANY
CLOSER TO THE
SLASHER!



NEVERTHELESS,
I THINK IT
ADVANTAGEOUS TO
PURSUE MY LINE OF
INTERROGATION. NOW,
THE SLASHER
ENTERED THE
BEDROOM THROUGH
THE WINDOW...

HOW DID
YOU KNOW HE
CAME THROUGH
THE WINDOW?
YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN TO THE
SCENE OF THE
MURDER...



...WELL, ERR...
I'VE STUDIED
THE REPORTS
MY MEN HAVE
DELIVERED!

REPORTS!
BAH! IF YOU
DON'T DO SOME-
THING ABOUT
THE SLASHER, I
WILL! GOOD DAY
INSPECTOR!



DID YOU
HEAR ABOUT
THE MIDNIGHT
SLASHER?
HE'S THE ONE
WHO'LL LEAVE
HIS FOOTPRINTS
ON YOUR SOUL

DONG
DONG
DONG
DONG

THE
BELLS!

MIDNIGHT—WHEN
MY FATHER DIED HERE,
UNDER THE WHEELS OF
A CARRIAGE, UNDER THE
SOUND OF THE
MADDENING BELLS—!

HE'S THE ONE POSSESSED OF INEFFABLE
SUFFERING AND RECIPROCAL BLOOD-LUST.

THE BELLS!
WHY SHOULD
ANYONE
LIVE AFTER
DADDY HAS
DIED?

DONG DONG DONG

HE'S THE ONE WHO DARTS
FROM THE NIGHT IN A
SWIRL OF GLEAWING
CONFUSION...

DONG
DONG

WHO-?

AAAAYEEEEK!!!

DONG

...AND HE'S THE ONE WHO MELTS QUICKLY INTO
FOG-SHROUDED GLOOM...

I WAS HERE
BEFORE THE LAST
BELL PEAL HAD DIED--
AND STILL THERE
WAS NO TRACE
OF HIM!

REGGIN' YOUR
PARDON, INSPECTOR.
HOW DO YOU ALWAYS
MANAGE TO ARRIVE
ON THE MURDER
SCENE SO
QUICKLY?

IF YOU'RE
HARBORING ANY
SUSPICIONS FOR MY
PUNCTUALITY, OUT WITH
THEM, OFFICER
WYMAN!

OH NO, SIR. I
WAS JUST WONDERIN'...
PAPERS HAVE BEEN
MINTIN' THAT OUR
SLASHER MIGHT BE OLD
JACK COME BACK FOR
A SECOND HELPING...

NO, OUR
MURDEROUS MISCREANT
IS DECIDEDLY MORE
BRUTAL THAN JACK EVER
WAS--THERE'S NO KNOWLEDGE
OF ANATOMY IN EVIDENCE
HERE, AND THE SLASHER
DOESN'T USE A SCALPEL--
HE GETTLES FOR A
COMMON KITCHEN KNIFE!

I GUESS YOU'RE
RIGHT, INSPECTOR. JACK
WAS RATHER CHOOSY ABOUT
HIS VICTIMS--THE SLASHER
DOESN'T SEEM TO CARE
WHO HE DOES IN--AS
LONG AS IT HAPPENS
AT MIDNIGHT!



TONIGHT I'LL STOP
THE SLASHER MYSELF,
I WILL! THESE
OUTRAGEOUS MURDERS
JUST CAN'T GO ON!

MUSTN'T ALLOW
THIS MURDERER TO
STRIKE AGAIN SO,
TONIGHT I WILL
END THE SLASHER'S
BLOODY CAREER...

You???

You???



I THOUGHT
YOU WERE...

AND I THOUGHT
YOU WERE THE
SLASHER, TOO. MISSUS
SHRIMPTON! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING OUT
AT THIS TIME?
IT'S ALMOST
MIDNIGHT!



I'M TAKIN'
IT UPON
MYSELF TO DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT THE
SLASHER!

YOU WERE
SERIOUS THEN... I'LL
STICK CLOSE TO ME.
I'M GOING UP TO THE
BELL TOWER. MAYBE
THE BELL RINGER SAW
SOMETHING ON THE
STREET LAST NIGHT...



IT'S SO DARK...

AND NEARLY MIDNIGHT...



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY TH-THAT...?

THE BELLS... BEGINNING TO PEAL...



HAVE YOU EVER MET THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? HE'S THE ONE YOU'D LEAST EXPECT...

...AND THE SLASHER MUST STRIKE!

Y-YOU'RE THE SLASHER--? GOOD LORD, NO!

DONG

DONG

DONG



THE BELLS-- THE BELLS THAT KILLED DADDY--! MUST STOP THE BELLS!



DONG DONG

I'LL MAKE YOU STOP RINGING THOSE BELLS.



HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT THE MIDNIGHT SLASHER? SHE'S THE ONE WHO FINALLY ACHIEVED RETRIBUTION ON...THE BELLS--AND RECEIVED THE SAME IN KIND...



DONG!!

THE End

THIS IS 1981. HIGH ABOVE PLANET EARTH WHIRLS THE UNIQUE ORBITING LABORATORY OF THE MAN KNOWN AS **DOCTOR ZIM**. WITHIN A MOST DARING **EXPERIMENT** ITS OBJECT: TO LEARN **WHAT LIES BEHIND DEATH**. IT BEGINS, NOW WITH THE SOLITARY **COMMAND...**

SLEEP

THE DEEP HYPNOTIC VOICE OF DR. ZIM CONTINUES...

DO NOT BE NERVOUS. RELAX. PAY CLOSE ATTENTION TO ALL I SAY...

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO HEAR ME AND TO TALK TO ME AFTER YOU GO TO **SLEEP...**



SUPPENSE-- ALMOST FITTINGLY--
THE DEMONIC SCIENTIST'S THOUGHTS
ARE INTERRUPTED BY A POWERFUL
JAB TO THE SPACELAB.

BAAM

THOSE DAMN
OBSOLETE
SATELLITES--!
THE SPACE AGENCY
HAS GOT TO
CLEAN THESE
POLLUTED SKIES!

BUT I CAN'T HAVE SUCH
PETTY CONCERNS INTERFERE
WITH MY EXPERIMENT.

LISTEN TO ME,
ROBINSON! I WILL
NOW COUNT TO
FIVE! BY THEN,
YOU WILL BE IN
A VERY DEEP
SLEEP. ONE...
TWO... THREE...
FOUR... FIVE!

DEEP...
SLEEP.

IT IS NOW FOUR O'CLOCK.
I HAVE PLACED A LARGE
TIMERPIECE BEFORE YOU.
WITH EACH TICK, ANOTHER
MINUTE WILL PASS. THUS,
WHEN SIXTY TICKS HAVE
BOUNDED, YOU WILL BE
ONE HOUR INTO THE
FUTURE.

TICK .. TICK ... TICK...

AND PRECISELY SIXTY
SECONDS LATER...

WHAT TIME
IS IT?

F-FIVE...
FIVE
O'CLOCK.

EXCELLENT!
EXCELLENT!
IN HIS CONDITION
HE'D UNDOUBTEDLY
BE DEAD BY FIVE
O'CLOCK!... I'M
TALKING TO A
DEAD MAN!!
NOW ONLY ONE
QUESTION
REMAINS!
WHERE IS HE?
IN HEAVEN?
HELL IS A
LIMBO-LAND??

SO IT WAS THAT DR. ZIM'S VOICE WAS FRAUGHT WITH ANTICIPATION AS HE ASKED:

WHERE ARE YOU?

I-- AM DYING... DYING...

WHAT DO YOU FEEL?

IT'S-- NOT. VERY HOT. I-- I'M SUFFOCATING IN THE HEAT. IT'S LIKE--

IT ISN'T LIKE IT, FOOL--

-- IT IS IT! A HELL! THERE IS A HELL!!

I'M SO STUNNED BY HIS ACCOUNT -- EVEN I'M SURE -- I MUST HAVE ALL OF THIS ON TAPE.

FOR AN HOUR, DR. ZIM RECORDED EVERY AGONY OF HIS ILL-FATED ASSISTANT-- THEN HE ADJUSTED THE SPACE-LAB'S AIR-CONDITIONING UNIT...

HA! IT'S GETTING AS HOT IN HERE-- AS HELL HA HA!!

I'LL JUST TAKE A MOMENT TO REL-- WHAP! THE-- THE SUN!

IN ONE HORRIBLE SECOND
DR. ZIM UNDERSTOOD HIS
FATE...

THE COLLISION!
IT THREW US OUT
OF OUR ORBIT!
WE'VE BEEN
DRIFTING INTO
THE SUN!

IT'S-- NOT VERY
HOT. I-- I'M
SUFFOCATING IN
THIS HEAT. IT'S
LIKE, IT'S LIKE...

THE
END



Taken as a whole, **PSYCHO #4** was one notch above most other magazines of its type on the stands. Bruce Jones proved again that he is both an excellent artist and author. Sean Todd is also very good and will surely improve with age. His dialogue is overly melodramatic in places, but the detail of his artwork more than made up for this scriptural flaw. Fujitake's story was pretty good, although I've seen better work from Dennis. David Cook and Sergio Moreno were above average.

As for the Heap, that character suffers from weak plot and poor story-telling. The over-used men - tame - monster - seeks - help - of - scientist - friend - with - lovely - daughter, etc. was okay for a chuckle but that "House of Frankenstein" ending was a bit much.

"Out of Chaos" was in direct contrast to the Heap. Here we are presented with a fairly original idea, a good solid plotline, and interesting characterization. That Rich Buckler art was worth the price of the magazine. Further plaudits will have to wait until I read the conclusion.

Rod Fraser
No Address Given

Rod, John, most of our readers like the Heap! And though Jim Roberts will soon face a frightening new challenge in his career as the Heap, it must be remembered (regarding art and plot) that our semi-human friend has appeared in a mere four issues of **PSYCHO**. We feel that the Heap, a product of men's heightened technology, is an exciting means of looking objectively at humanity. For he, in his day to day existence, can find very little benevolence in the minds and hearts of men. This is the characterization we hope more succinctly to present all we need is time. Thanks for your comments.

PSYCHO #4 was a pretty good issue. Kelly's cover was well done, but "Comes the Stalking Monster" just didn't seem like a lead story. "The Insmouth Apparition" was interesting. I'd have liked to read more on it. The new Heap story was superb! Amazing how Andru has progressed from artist to writer/artist. Esposito's work is always good when he and Andru are teamed up. "Out of Chaos" was very good, but didn't overdo the number of continued stories per issue. "Museum Piece" was interesting. "Comes the Stalking Monster" was okay.

"Behind the Planet of the Apes" was a good feature. I hope your upcoming articles contain more text. (How did you like the text of this issue's behind the scenes article, Dave? Ed.)

And now to the year's worst continuing "terror" series—Sean Todd's "Frankenstein." Funny that your last page has only praise for this atrocity. Mary Shelley is probably burning in her grave. The only consistent thing about this strip is its inconsistency. To the book, the movies, and even the previous chapter. The monster is not strong enough to throw off the rubble of Castle Frankenstein; he was never

that powerful in the book or movie. Todd must've been watching "The Munsters" again. Egor, who was a bad character to begin with, has undergone a complete change in appearance and speech: now he resembles a shaved gopher. Drop this series before it kills you.

Turning to the letters page, there are a few disappointments. Readers wait a narrator for your stories. No! These tongue-in-cheek characters kill the atmosphere. And people are screaming for more vampires and werewolves can your writers approach these with a fresh outlook, or will we be treated to the same old hackneyed plots? Well? Until tomorrow midnight.

Dave Bliman
Norton, Ohio

As for Werewolves and Vampires, yes, our writers are working on new approaches to the demons. But as for "hackneyed" plots, it's not always the plot that makes or breaks a story. More often than not, how a story is told and illustrated causes that particular tale to succeed or fail. Frankenstein (Mary Shelley's novel) has not, necessarily, one of the most original plots. Even in 1818 (Frankenstein's publication) there had been precedent for this type of horror tale. No, what makes Frankenstein a masterpiece is its telling... something that leads to the other plot of your letter, Sean Todd's Frankenstein. Our interpretation, a product of both the film and novel Frankenstein, was not meant to be compared with the Shelley masterpieces. The novel was subtle, for it had the time and space in which it could afford to tread lightly, subtly, taking its time. We, in a six or ten page story, must make our point(s) direct or they will be lost. Further, the comic book Frankenstein must appeal to a wide majority of young readers: thus the need for Egor, lightning, spectacle, etc. So subtly, while a creatively rewarding means of communication, is, in this case, an inappropriate means of storytelling.

(Incidentally, check the text in this issue's behind the Scenes Photo-Session.)

"Behind the Planet of the Apes" (**PSYCHO #4**) was great! Have you any more film articles in the works?

Ben H. Taylor
Hartford, Connecticut

Ben, and the rest of you cine-monster fans, least your zys on the Rove/Asherman "7th Voyage of Sinbad" feature in this issue. And there's more to come, so stick with us!

Needless to say, you have captured the heart of the film fan. Your feature "Behind the Planet of the Apes" in **PSYCHO #4** was superb! It showed me a glimpse of film and I'd never before seen. Please keep these behind the scenes features coming!

The magazine as a whole is more interesting and mature than those of your competitors. I especially like the Heap. I remember seeing a monster like the Heap in a film once, but the movie's monster appeared for a mere ten minutes at the picture's conclu-

I must say that I am pleasantly surprised to see "Out of Chaos" in **PSYCHO**. I have been reading horror comics for six years now, over the years I have noticed the plots in most stories becoming more and more trite. Usually I'd look at the first page of a yem and say to myself, "yeah, it's another one of those stories and it probably ends the same way as all the others." So what's so good about "Out of Chaos"? Quite a few things.

First of all, it is the first time that Satan (my favorite hero) has been used to his fullest potential in any comic magazine. Usually, stories concerning him are rehashes of the soul swapping schtick. The power and magnitude of this story is as great as that of its source, Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Author Merv Wolfman showed keen understanding of that masterpiece, not only in his knowing the names of the lesser Fallen Angels (any of them personal acquaintances, Merv?) but in his portrayal of Satan. The author also showed great imagination in coming up with the Procreators of the Universe. A most interesting group. I also like the idea of flowing Satan's powers. I, as Satan, cannot stand omnipotent beings. "Better to reign in Hell than to serve in Heaven."

As for the other stories, they were all fair to middling.

John Cost
San Carlos, Calif



sion. Thus, sympathy for the film monster was not built up as it is for your Heap. After I read the story I felt as if I knew what it would be like to be a hideous monster. All other stories were good, especially Fujiteke's "Escape." That was some tale.

Skywald's efforts are entertaining and sincere, so consider me hooked for life.

Bill Pugmire
Seattle, Washington

Thanks Bill, you're considered.



I have just finished reading **PSYCHO** #4 and I loved it! The artwork was fantastic. The stories, especially "Out of Chaos," "The Heep," and "Pique of Jewels" were just too much. The front cover was great. Ken Kelly should get an award for this picture.

I have already sent for the back issues and I advise all other **PSYCHO** fans to do likewise. As long as people find the time to read, they will be buying **PSYCHO**.

John Herzpeter
Liverpool, Pa.

Fans take note: there is a back issue page elsewhere in this magazine.

Wow! I just read issue #4 of **PSYCHO**. I used to thumb through other magazines, but **PSYCHO** is the only one that puts me on the edge of my seat. The Heep and Frankenstein as I can say is keep them coming.

I have recently come across a comic book with the title "The Heep" from Skywald comics. The color comic starts the same as did the Heep serial in **PSYCHO**, but the monster looks different.

Is there any relation between this Heep and the **PSYCHO** Heep? Long live the Heep!

Sam Fields
Medis, Pa.

Sam, any way you look at it, a "Heep's" a "Heep."

THE PSYCHO-ANALYST

By JEFFREY ROVIN



Those of you familiar with Skywald Magazines know it our policy to present ideas that are novel, artistic, alive, and a format always fresh and entertaining. Now, in order to better maintain this high standard of quality, editor Sol Brodsky has created **THE PSYCHO-ANALYST**, a department seeking to involve you, the reader, with our magazines in a fashion unique to the field of illustrated fiction.

Essentially, this page is a means for Psycho fans to ask questions of the artists and writers who work for our publications. Want to know from where Skywald authors get their ideas? Or perhaps you wish to learn just what your favorite artist thinks of his own work? Well then, faithful reader, all you need do is send your query to **PSYCHO-ANALYST**, 16 E 41 St. Rm 1501, New York, N.Y. 10017 from where I, your anxious servant, will find it an answer, if as simple as that!

Instead of interviewing an artist or writer for this issue's Psycho-Analyst, I would like to answer a letter sent by one of our readers. This massive states in part:

"I think there should be more sex in your magazine. See if you can get some of the underground artists to do a story or two for you. Leave the sunch comics to Walt Disney."

All right. First of all, here in New York it is easy to get a fair sampling of most of the so-called "underground comics." With very few exceptions, they are trash billed as reading matter for adults only, underground comics, behind a facade of "telling it like it is," are nothing more than pornography. And trust, readers. We at Skywald are not trying to ignore the fact that this is a permissive society. We do not deny that any longer it is taboo to discuss sex in communication media. We merely argue sanity. One panel of sex may be important to a story. Indeed, some yarns (as the lead story in **PSYCHO** #5) cannot be told without sex. To portray sex in obviously explicit "artwork" nauseating rather than entertaining the reader; not only does this mock subtle emotions for which sex is intended, it turns your comic book into a showcase for pornography.

Particularly annoying is the fact that underground comics don't admit to being pure smut. One can't even respect them for any degree of honesty.

Yes, what really bothers me about our letter writer is not the fact that he likes underground comics. There are, after all, people with no conception of what constitutes decency. What disturbs me is that this person equates all that is sterile with the produce of Mr. Walt Disney, a widely admired and beloved film artist. Is the fact that Disney's "Sleeping Beauty" contains no on screen sex a reason to knock that graceful and stunning motion picture? No! It was not necessary to present sex in the film. It's simple as that. Face it, underground writer. Most people like their sex not on the screen, not on the stage, not in magazines, but between each other. A private affair. But of course, where there are the tasteful and delicate "Love Stories," there are bound to be the crude and uneducated skinkiffs. You, underground comics, are the latter. Or the gutter. Take your pick.

In case you missed it, **NIGHTMARE** #5 had an interview with artist Jeff Jones who discussed his work and told thoughts on comics and fantasy. Next issue the Psycho-Analyst will interview an interesting personality in the horror field — so be with us when we put him on the firing line in **PSYCHO** No. 7.

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HEAR! IN DARK VICTORY!

THERE'S AN OLD SAYING THAT GOES: "BE SURE YOU REALLY WANT WHAT YOU FERVENTLY DESIRE... BECAUSE YOU ARE VERY LIKELY TO GET IT!"

MY HANDS...
WHAT IS
HAPPENING TO
MY HANDS?

LOOK!!
HE IS
CHANGING!



AIEEE!

WHAT
SHOULD
WE DO?

**DESTROY!!
DESTROY!!**

IT WAS HAPPENING! WHAT THE **HEAP** HAD FEVERISHLY DREAMT AND YEARNED FOR WAS COMING TO PASS, THE THING THAT WAS ONCE JIM ROBERTS WAS TURNING HUMAN AGAIN, BUT WHY NOW? WHY HERE IN THIS ABANDONED MINE SHAFT CONFRONTED BY THINGS THAT ONCE WERE MEN? ROUSTABOUTS...THIEVES...MURDERERS...BUT HUMAN ONCE...AND NOW CHANGING INTO GOD KNOWS WHAT, BY THE WATER THEY DRINK FROM THE POOL IN THE EERIE PHOSPHORESCENT CAVERNS BELOW, FACED BY CREATURES BENT UPON HIS DESTRUCTION AND THE TWO CONFUSED LAWMEN HE IMPULSIVELY CHOSE TO PROTECT, THIS WAS THE MOMENT TO MUSTER ALL THE STRENGTH THE HEAP POSSESSED...BUT HE WAS CHANGING...

PROF. ELLIOT'S ANTIDOTE
IS WORKING! MY HANDS
ARE TURNING NORMAL!

IF I
BECOME
HUMAN THEY
WON'T FEAR
ME--AND
THEY'LL
ATTACK!

AND JIM ROBERTS WILL TASTE HUMANITY JUST LONG ENOUGH TO BE TORN APART BY THAT PACK OF ANGRY MUTANTS!

HE HESITATES...HE IS BACKING UP!! HE IS AFRAID OF US!

NOW IS THE TIME TO ATTACK...WHILE HE IS CONFUSED!

THWUNK

MY STRENGTH IS GOING FAST...I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE THEM!!

GO--
MCKLUSKY! RUN LIKE YOU'VE NEVER RUN BEFORE!

THIS MAY BE OUR LAST CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE ALIVE!! LET'S MAKE IT GOOD!!

AAGH!

MCKLUSKY--IN FRONT OF YOU... THAT WEB!! LOOK OUT!!

THEY'RE GAINING ON--
HUN!!

SHERIFF--
QUICK...GET ME OUT OF HERE...

IT'S COMING FOR ME...DO SOMETHING...
SHERIFF!!



DONALDSON--
HELP M...

YAAAAA--



THAT SPIDERS GROWTH
MUST HAVE BEEN
ALTERED IN SOME
WAY BY LIVING IN
THE CAVERNS

GOD--NO!!
(IT'S EATING
HIM
ALIVE!!)

LOOK OUT!
HERE IT
COMES!

NO TIME
FOR
QUESTIONS
...JUST DO
AS I SAY!

??!
JUST
MOMENT--
AGO YOU
WERE THE
HEAP! AND
NOW!

AND IN THE MIDST OF THE HORRENDOUS DEBACLE THE
CHANGE FROM HEAP TO JIM ROBERTS COMES FASTER,
EVER FASTER WITH EACH SUCCEEDING MOMENT...



LOOKS LIKE THE
CHANGE IS...



GOING...



ALL
THE
WAY

I JUST
CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT!



WE'VE JUST
GOT SECONDS
TO WORK THIS
BEAM LOOSE
AND USE IT AS
A LANCE!



ONE...
TWO...
THREE...
Now!!

IF THE
SPIDER
DOESN'T GET
US--THE CEIL-
ING IS
BOUND TO
COLLAPSE
ON US!

UNHEARD BY
HUMAN EARS THE
SPIDERS SHRIEK
OF PAIN NEVER
BERATES ON THE
LEVEL OF THE
ULTRASONIC...

...QUIVERING IN ITS DEATH
THROES THE WPALED HULK
OF THE MONSTROUS SPIDER
THRASHES MADLY ABOUT
DISLODGING THE ALREADY
UNSTABLE CEILING...

RRRRUMBLE

TINY WHISPERS
OF CRACKS WIDEN
INTO GASHES AND
SUDDENLY A TORRENT
OF ROCKS AND
RUBBLE TUMBLE
DOWN UPON THE
NIGHTMARISH SCENE
BELOW...

SILENCE REIGNS...THE ONLY
AUDIBLE SOUND TO BE HEARD
IS THE OCCASIONAL MOAN THAT
ESCAPES THE LIPS OF SHERIFF
DONALDSON...AND THEN...

NO--
NO!
STAY
AWAY
FROM
ME--
STAY...

EASY, SHERIFF! IT'S
ONLY ME...THE MAN WHO
HELPED YOU KILL THE
SPIDER! I ONLY WANT
TO HELP! YOUR HEAD
IS BLEEDING!

I'LL NEED A PIECE
OF YOUR SHIRT!

I DON'T KNOW IF
ALL OF THOSE DIVERN
DWELLERS WERE KILLED
OR NOT--BUT THIS
PASSAGEWAY HAS BEEN
SEALED...AT THIS END
ANYWAY! WE'VE GOT TO
FIND ANOTHER
WAY OUT!

WHY DON'T YOU
JUST LEAVE ME
HERE? I...I
CAN'T SEE...AT
LEAST FOR NOW!
I'D NEVER FIND MY
WAY OUT. THE
KNOWLEDGE OF
YOUR SECRET WOULD
DIE HERE WITH ME!

I'M NOT GOING TO LET
YOU DIE ANYWHERE REGARD-
LESS OF WHAT YOU MAY
THINK--I'M NO MURDERER!

IT GIVES THE CREEPS
TO PUT ON POOR,
MR. KLUKYS PANTS--BUT I
CAN'T GO RUNNING AROUND
IN JUST MY SKIN!



DON'T THINK YOU'RE GETTING ON THE GOOD SIDE OF ME BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU'RE DOING NOW-- MY FIRST DUTY IS TO JUSTICE AND THE LAW!

IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS DAMN MAZE AND MAKE IT TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD...I'M GOING TO TELL THEM ALL THAT I KNOW ABOUT YOU AND THE MURDERS YOU COMMITTED AS THE HEAP!

I CAN FEEL A FAINT MOVEMENT OF AIR COMING FROM SOMEWHERE AHEAD OF US...

C'MON!

WE MADE IT, SHERIFF! AND RIGHT BELOW US IS A ROADWAY!

WE'LL GET ON IT AND KEEP WALKING UNTIL A CAR COMES ALONG!

IN A FEW MINUTES WE'RE PARTING COMPANY AND YOU'LL BE ON YOUR OWN!

HEADLIGHTS! GET READY, SHERIFF!

I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN, DO YOU HEAR ME? I'LL GET MY SIGHT BACK AND I'LL HUNT YOU DOWN! I'VE SEEN YOUR FACE! THERE'S NO PLACE YOU CAN HIDE!! I'LL FIND YOU!!

EASY, SHERIFF--THERE'S NO ONE HERE! C'MON BACK TO TOWN--YOUR HEAD NEEDS ATTENDING TO!

NOW TO GET BACK TO PROF. ELIOT...

THE LIGHT IN MONTY ELLIOTT'S STUDY IS ON! GOOD! LESS LIKELY TO DISTURB LAURIE IN CASE SHE'S ASLEEP!

TAP
TAP
TAP

??!!?
CAN I BE
AMAZING
THINGS??
IS IT--

JIM!! IT'S YOU!!
I CAN'T BELIEVE
MY EYES! SO THE
FORMULA I INNOCU-
LATED YOU WITH
FINALLY TOOK
EFFECT!

HOLD ON, DOC!
THAT'LL HAVE TO
WAIT! THERE'S TOO
MUCH TO TELL!

WHAT I NEED
IS A GOOD HOT
SHOWER AND
SOMETHING TO
EAT FIRST...

I'M STARVING!

AND I STILL
CAN'T BELIEVE
THIS
MIRACLE!

...BUT THE MOST
FRIGHTENING ASPECTS
OF THE WHOLE EPISODE ARE
THE POOR DEVILS WHO WERE
LIVING IN THE CAVERNS AND
THE WATER THAT WAS CHANG-
ING THEM INTO GOT
KNOWS WHAT!

THEN--MY THEORY
ABOUT THOSE ARMY
CANNISTERS CONTAINING
BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS BURIED
IN BEDROCK, SPRINGING LEAKS,
FILTERING THROUGH FLUWS IN
THE ROCK AND CONTAMINATING
UNDERGROUND WELLS AND
SPRINGS IS NOT JUST A HALF-
BAKED THEORY BUT A HAND-
SENDING ACTUALITY!

AN
HOUR
AND ONE
LONG
SHOWER
LATER...

--FAR
FROM DEAD,
LAURIE!

HE'LL FILL
YOU IN...

I'VE GOT TO
RUN... BE
BACK LATER!

WHAT'S ALL
THE COMMO-
TION ABOUT, DAD?! I
COULDN'T HELP
HEARING THE VOIC

JIM!! JIM
ROBERTS!! BUT
YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO BE

HE'S THERE, ALL
RIGHT! I'M GOING
RIGHT DOWN AND
GET HIS CONFI-
RMATION OF THE STORY!

GOT TO GET THINGS
MOVING RIGHT AWAY!
THIS SITUATION IS TOO
DANGEROUS TO WASTE
A SINGLE MOMENT!

FROM WHAT
YOU SAY--THOSE
PEOPLE THAT PICKED
UP SHERIFF DONALDSON MUST
HAVE GOTTEN HIM TO THE
HOSPITAL BY NOW!

WE'LL NEED HIS CORROBORATION
FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO BELIEVE A
FAR-OUT STORY LIKE THIS!

WONK



OH, JIM... YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MUCH I... UH... WE MUSED YOU! HOW COULD YOU HAVE SURVIVED THAT PLANE CRASH AND THE EXPLOSION OF THE CHEMICAL TANKS THAT FOLLOWED?!

WELL, I... DIDN'T... I MEAN... I WAS... I... LOOK! THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR THAT LATER!

YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT, LAURIE... EVEN BETTER THAN I REMEMBERED!

...IN FACT... I NEVER REALIZED HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU REALLY ARE!

JIM ROBERTS HAD ALMOST FORGOTTEN WHAT IT WAS TO WANT A WOMAN... NOW HE WAS POSSESSED BY A FIRE AND PASSION HE NEVER KNEW HE POSSESSED...



JIM... DARLING... I ALWAYS DREAMT IT WOULD BE THIS GOOD! (SIGH!)



?! ?SNIFF! WHAT'S THAT STRANGE DARK ODOR... ?SNIFF! ?!



??!!... THAT WET MUCKY SUBSTANCE... SOAKING THROUGH... HIS ROBE... ?!



JIM... WHAT'S HAPPENING? OH, MY GOD!... **EEEEEE!**

URK?! OOOK!!

HORROR STRICKEN BY THE LOOK IN LAURIE'S EYES THE HEAP'S SOLE THOUGHT IS TO FLEE FROM SIGHT AS SHE SINKS TO THE FLOOR IN NERVE-NUMBED SHOCK...



OUT... GOT TO GET OUT!



WHY ME?! WHY DID IT HAPPEN TO ME?

CRASH

JIM ROBERTS... HUMAN FOR A FEW GLISSFUL MOMENTS IN TIME... ONLY TO BE WRENCHED BACK INTO THAT NIGHTMARISH PRISON OF FLESH CALLED THE HEAP!! VENTING HIS RAGE ON THE MUTE AND SILENT FOREST ABOUT HIM! WHAT HOPE IS THERE FOR HIM IN ANOTHER TOMORROW. WHERE IS LOVE... WHERE IS PEACE TO BE FOUND??

THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD



Text by
Jeff Rovin

Photos by
Alan Asherman

Ray Harryhausen, creator of special effects, in the realm of visual acrobatics, there is none better.

Ray fashions monsters for fantasy and science fiction films. He brings them to life through a process known as animation. What appear to be giant beasts on screen are, in reality, models no more than two feet tall. Built with ball and socket skeletons, these figures are moveable and hold any position into which they are placed. Ray photographs these stop motion creatures one frame of film at a time (a frame being each individual picture on a strip of film), moving the jointed models a fraction of an inch between frames. When these separately photographed images are projected on a screen one after another, the filmed figurines appear alive. This is the principle upon which all movies work: Mr. Harryhausen uses the idea to bring amazing creatures of fantasy to life before our startled eyes. And to be sure, this reviewer has oft sat in awe of this man's skill. A well done Harryhausen special effects sequence is to him, what a Roman Gladiol touch-down bomb is to football; both must be seen to be believed.



One of Mifune's finest moments:
Eikobō vs Sakuragi's skeletal demon.

"Get the point, Dragon!" A giant arrow
ends the loathsome lizard's life.





Rag Harryhausen's sketch captures
Gill's killing of the baby Roc.

The baby Roc on screen.





Wrath of the Roc: Sinbad's men play with their lives for having stolen the monster's egg.



On these pages are scenes from Harryhausen's first animated film in color, "The Seventh Voyage of Sinbad." This film, with some of the most astounding special effects in cinema history, pits an Arabian knight against Sokurah, an evil magician, two man-eating cyclopes, a fire-breathing dragon, an enormous bird called the roc, and a living human skeleton. Showcasing these creatures is a plot that, while not the caliber of a "Ben-Hur," serves substantial purpose: it insults no one's intelligence, provides a framework for Harryhausen's affects, and all the while keeps sight of its main character, Sinbad.

Kerwin Matthews—the swashbuckling sailor—is not as flashy a hero as Prince Charming in Walt Disney's "Sleeping Beauty." Yet, the cinema Sinbad succeeds, Matthews' portrayal is bold, heroic. He isn't very smart

four hero's brutal life style calls more for a strong sword arm than Einstein (brains), his horseshoe sword does most of Sinbad's "talking." And Tom Thatcher's Sokurah, the fiery and cunning sorcerer's sorcerer, is a perfect foil for the "aw shucks" personality and sword swinging bravery of Bagdad's maritime Hercules. Simple fun and fantasy, an exciting unpretentious adventure film. This is the real "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad."

But what of the real Sinbad and his seventh voyage? Did ever there exist a sailor that men called "Sinbad?"

Of course, my friends, Sinbad's seven voyages were fantasy. Myths. But Sinbad was not. He was as real to the Arabian people as is "Ali in the Family" to millions of contemporary Americans. And his story, inconsiderate of time and place, is very real for all people.



Ray Harryhausen's original pre-production sketch of the "10th Voyage of Sinbad" Dragon.

Sinbad (actor Kerwin Mathews) takes a stab at downing the awesome Cyclops.

Our hero had squandered a fortune left him by his parents. Down to his last few sequins, Sinbad joined a merchant ship, this to keep from starving. Many years Sinbad suffered the dangers of cyclopes, monster snakes, rocs and devils, and once more Sinbad came to own vast sums of money. But this fortune, earned in the face of monstrous danger, taught Sinbad to appreciate monetary gain: this fortune he had earned with his own two hands! And so, after seven bold and adventurous voyages, Sinbad abandoned the sea in order to teach others the valuable lessons of responsibility he had learned.





Guardian of Sokurah's cave, the magnificent fire-breathing Dragon.



This pensive side of Sinbad's character was ignored by Harryhausen's motion picture. Sinbad's adult introduction, one must suppose, was considered by the producers too deep a sense to be understood by young audiences. Nonetheless, "Seventh Voyage of Sinbad" is one of the finest fantasy films ever made, and its appeal, when reduced to the lowest possible denominator, lies in the exotic world of Sinbad with its monsters and genies galore. And the credit for the success of this world goes to Ray Harryhausen.



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THEM,
YOU'LL
LIKE
THEM!

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Of a sudden IS THY DEATH!

OF A
SUDDEN IS THY
DEATH... MARGO CASE,
AND THE MEMORY OF 23
YEARS OF BREATH AND
LIFE IS WIPED CLEAN!
NOW... BEYOND SENSORY
TIME, YOUR ETHEREAL
FORM IS ADRIFT MIDST
A SEA OF
SOULS!

GOS
EADON

THE KNOWLEDGE OF DEATH
CUTS THROUGH HER SOUL
WITH HORRID REALITY!

OH!
NOOOOOO!
YOU
ARE
DEAD
YOU
ARE
DEAD

WHA...
WHATS
HAPPENING
TO ME?
OH, MY LORD
!!

A MICROSECOND... AN
ETERNITY... MARGO'S
JOURNEY HAS ENDED
AND... SOMETHING
WAITS!

MARGO CASE!...
COME! MARGO
CASE... COME!

WHO
IS
IT...
WHO
?
OH!

THIS IS
A HORRIBLE
MISTAKE!
I DON'T BELONG
HERE! I
HAVEN'T
DIED!

PLEASE
SOMEONE
HELP ME

THERE ARE GUIDES...
BEYOND THE PORTALS OF LIFE,
GUIDES TO LEAD THE SOULS
OF THE DEPARTED
TO THEIR ETERNAL STATIONS!

BUT I HAVE NO
RECOLLECTION
OF DYING!

A MENTAL BLOCK
AGAINST THE TIME
OF DEATH OFTEN
ACCOMPANIES THE
SHOCK OF LEAVING
THE MORTAL BODY!
YOU WILL REMEMBER...
YOU BELONG; MARGO CASE

MARGO CASE!
YOUR DESTINY
AWAITS... YOU
WILL FOLLOW WHERE
I LEAD!

OH!
OH PLEASE!
THIS IS **WRONG!!**
I JUST KNOW IT!
SOB... I'M NOT DEAD!

COME CHILD, IT IS
TIME!

PLEASE!
YOU MUST LISTEN
TO ME! THIS
IS A MISTAKE! I
DON'T BELONG HERE!
I AM NOT ONE OF YOU!
I BELONG
AMONG THE LIVING!

CAN'T
YOU SEE
THAT I
DON'T BELONG
HERE?

YOU ARE
CORRECT... MARGO
CASE... AS YOUR
MEMORY CLEARS, YOU
WILL BE RETURNED...
TO THE TEMPORAL
WORLD!!

AS YOUR
MEMORY CLEARS,
YOU WILL RECALL
THAT INDEED
YOU HAVE DIED!
AT THE HANDS
OF A BAVENCUS
VAMPIRE!

YOU WILL REMBER -
AND YOU WILL UNDER-
STAND - THE VAMPIRE'S
CURSE IS TRANSMITTED TO
ITS VICTIM!

OH
OH
OH
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

YES, MARGO CASE...
YOU DO BELONG AMONG THE LIVING!

THE
END

PROLOGUE: LILITH, A BEAUTIFUL BLIND SEER OF THE PAST AND FUTURE IS TRAPPED IN THE SEWERS OF PARIS, TRAPPED AT A DEAD END FACING THE HIDEOUS MUTANT SQUID, LE SUUB... TRAPPED WITH HER ONLY ALLY, THE MONSTER, NAMED FOR HIS CREATOR...

FRANKENSTEIN!



THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

SUDDENLY THE WALL BEHIND OUR HARABESSED HERO COLLAPSES INWARD...



STAY! WE DARE GO NO FURTHER.
THERE IS A POWER WITHIN
GREATER EVER THAN MINE.



THERE PASSES A PERIOD
OF TIMELESSNESS, A
DREAM FRAGMENT...
MEMORY OF A SWEET
LONG AGO WHEN MONSTER
WAS MAN. THEN A HISsing
VOICE, LIKE THE WIND
RUSTLING DRY REEDS...

AWAKEN! YOU SHALL
RISE ABOVE YOUR ADVERSITY!
YOUR GREAT STRENGTH WILL
RETURN AND YOU WILL
HAVE ME TO THANK
FOR WHATEVER LIFE
REMAINS TO YOU!

THANK YOU?
I CURSE
YOU!

WHA...
RALLING!
MUST
PROTECT
LIFE/TH!

YOU DESPAIR OF LIFE AS I ONCE
DID. WE HAVE A COMMON BOND
YOU AND I. I AM ERIC... THE
PHANTOM OF THE OPERA!



THE FACE BENEATH
THIS MASK WOULD MAKE
YOUR OWN APPEAR
HANDSOME BY
COMPARISON. HOW I
BECAME WHAT I AM IS
UNIMPORTANT NOW...
WHAT IS VITAL IS YOUR
TIMELY ARRIVAL!



SO? AGAIN
WE ARE
PRISONERS!

ONCE MY
POWER RETURNS
I'LL SNAP
THESE BARS
LIKE TWISS

SERVING ONLY
YOUR OWN BLIND
LUST FOR
REVENGE YOU
HAVE YET TO
DISCOVER THE
BEAUTY OF
YOUR SOUL!

BEAUTY?
YOU MOCK
ME! YOU
DARE TO
MOCK ME!
WHAT DO
YOU KNOW
OF LIVING
NIGHTMARE

HIS VOICE
IS SO
STRANGE...
SO TRAGIC!
PLEASE
NEAR HIM
OUT!

NIGHTMARE?

IS THIS
NIGHTMARE
ENOUGH
FOR YOU?

YET THIS
IS
NOTHING!

LOCKED BENEATH
THIS SCARRED AND
RUTILED WRECK
OF A BODY LIES A
SOUL DEVOTED TO
BEAUTY!

THE SAME
SOUL THAT
COMPOSED
GREAT OPERAS...
WHOSE MUSIC
SCARED OUT
OVER THE WORLD
AND GLADENED
THE HEARTS OF
MILLIONS!

I AM AT WORK
ON MY **GREATEST
OPERA**, A WORK COSMIC
IN SCOPE, THE STRUGGLE
BETWEEN **GOOD** AND
EVIL THAT ENCOMPASSES
THE UNIVERSE!

AND THE
OUTCOME IS
NOT YET KNOWN
EVEN TO ME!

CAN'T YOU SEE?
TO ASSURE THE
VICTORY OF WHAT
IS GOOD IN MAN, I
MUST FEED THAT
PART OF ME THAT
LOVES **BEAUTY**!

THE DARK SIDE
OF MY NATURE PERSISTS
IN TWISTING THE SCORE,
SHADING MY MUSIC WITH
DARK BOMBER TONES
HINTING OF
TERRIBLE THINGS
TO COME!

YOU WILL HELP
ME SUBDUCE THE
DARKNESS! YOU
WILL PROVIDE ME
WITH THINGS OF
BEAUTY TO
NOURISH MY SOUL.

GREAT WORKS
OF ART FROM
ALL OF TIME
DELIVERED TO
YOUR MIGHT, AND
THE WONDER OF
THE ORGAN THAT
WARPS THE
CENTURIES!

DEAR GOD,
WE ARE AT
THE MERCY
OF A
MADMAN!



I AM THAT RARE MUSICIAN WITH A SCIENTIFIC INCLINATION. OVER THE YEARS I'VE BUILT INCREASINGLY MORE POWERFUL AND ELABORATE ORGANS.

THIS IS THE CULMINATION OF A LIFETIME'S WORK... AN ORGAN WHOSE MIGHTY CHORDS REACTING WITH THOSE GIANT TUNING FORKS CAN DISTORT THE VERY WARP AND WEAVE OF TIME!

K-K-KREEEK!




THUS FAR I'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL TRANSMITTING AND RECEIVING INANIMATE OBJECTS THROUGH TIME... BUT THE HUMAN SPECIMENS HAVE FARED RATHER POORLY!

I'M ASSURED, HOWEVER, THAT YOUR PECULIAR PHYSICAL MAKEUP IS IDEALLY SUITED FOR OUR TEMPORAL TASK!

WITH ONE SLIGHT MODIFICATION OF COURSE! YOU WILL EXCHANGE PLACES WITH DR. FRANKENSTEIN HERE!

WHILE HIS COMMANDERS THAT ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION YOU CALL A BODY THROUGH TIME!

GRRRR



IT WILL OF COURSE BE NECESSARY FOR YOU TO DYE AND BE AROUND THE DETAILS OF WHICH THIS TIME WILL NOT ESCAPE THE GOOD DOCTOR! DETAILS THAT I MUST KNOW!

NO! PLEASE PRETOR! DON'T MAKE ME GO THROUGH THAT!

SILENCE! NOTHING MUST OBSTRUCT THE FINISHING OF MY LAST GREAT OPERA! LET US BEGIN!

THIS TIME THE
LIGHTNING WILL
BE CONDUCTED DOWN
TO THE MONSTER
FROM THE ROOF
OF THE OPERA
HOUSE FAR
ABOVE

I SHALL
BRING THE
BOY TO LIFE
AGAIN WITH
YOUR BRAIN
COMMANDING
IT. HENRY
FRANKENSTEIN!

NO!
PRETORIOUS,
I SEE
YOU!

THE ORGAN
IS COMPLETELY
SHIELDED FROM
THE ELECTRICAL
ENERGY YOU'LL
BE USING. BRING
IN THE MONSTER
AND THE GIRL!

COME NOW!
ONCE YOU'VE
HELPED ME
ISOLATE THE
LIFE-GIVING
DETAILS I SHALL
FIND A FINE
YOUNG PERFECT
BODY FOR!

TO BE
HUMAN...
TO BE
WHOLE
AGAIN?
TO BE
YOUNG
AGAIN?

YOU'D LIKE
THAT WOULDN'T
YOU HENRY?

THE LAST
OF THE
MONSTER'S
GALVANIC
ENERGY IS
DRAINED.
HE IS NOW
INANIMATE.

NO! IT'S
INHUMAN!
H-HHOOO!!

AND, OF COURSE,
DOCTOR
FRANKENSTEIN
WILL REMAIN
CONSCIOUS
THROUGHOUT!

THE ELECTRICAL
AND SURGICAL
PROCEDURES
WILL BE
IDENTICAL WITH
THE ORIGINAL
OPERATION.

THE OPERATION
MUST NOT
HAPPEN AGAIN!
BETTER I
SHOULD BE
COMPLETELY
DESTRUCTED!

I SEE
NOTHING BUT
DARKEST
EVIL HERE
WE ARE BOTH
BEYOND
HOPE!



LILITH EXERCISES HER TELEPATHIC POWERS...

AS IF IN ACCORD WITH THE MONSTROUS BUSINESS PROCEEDING BELOW, NATURE RIPS THE NIGHT SKY WITH A VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORM...

THOUGH YOUR BODY IS DEAD,
YOUR MIND CAN STILL
RECEIVE MY THOUGHTS.
YOU MUST BE ALERT
FOR THE SLIGHTEST
OPPORTUNITY TO FOIL
THIS GODFORSAKEN
PLAN!

I WILL NEVER
GIVE UP!



BEGINNING THE
TRANSPLANT!

MAKING INCISION
AT BASE OF
CRANIAL CAVITY.

LILITH CONCENTRATES
MIGHTILY,
HER
PECULIAR
ABILITY
STRAINED
TO THE
UTMOST.

I'M BEING
LIFTED!

HELP
ME!

SOMETHING'S
MOVING
ME!

EEEEEEEEEE!





HE'S CONSUMED
ENOUGH GALVANIC
ENERGY TO FELL
A HERD OF
ELEPHANTS!

HE MUST BE
STOPPED!

MY SPIDER-GUARDS
ARE ELECTROCUTED
THE MOMENT THEY
TOUCH HIM!

I'VE NEVER KNOWN
SUCH POWER
SURGING
THROUGH ME!

I-I CAN
ALMOST
CONTROL
IT!

YAAARRRGGHH!

HELP ME
MIGHTY ONE!
I CAN SENSE A
GREATER
DANGER YET
APPROACHING!
FREE ME!

TRULY, I
HAVE BEEN
DAMNED
AND THIS
IS- HELL!



SWEPT INTO THE VORTEX OF SWIRLING
TIME FATHOMS, THE BEAUTY AND THE
BEAST ARE STUNNED AND HELPLESS
AS SURGING CURRENTS INEXORABLY
SEPARATE THEM!

I'M LOSING YOU,
DRIFTING AWAY!
HELP ME MIGHTY
ONE!

LILITH!
I CAN'T
REACH
YOU...

HELP ME!

HELP!

HELP!

HELP!

HELP!

POWERLESS...
OUT OF CONTROL!
WE'RE LOST IN
TIME! ANY HOPE
OF FINDING MY
PAST GONE! CAN
A BEING WITHOUT
ANY PAST HAVE A...

...FUTURE!??

UUGH!

GASP! SOLID
GROUND UNDER
ME... I'M OUT
OF THE TIME
WAR! BUT
WHERE??

WHERE INDEED! BE HERE WHEN THE
INCREDIBLE CLASSIC OF THE
FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER CONTINUED!



PAINTED UPON A CANVAS OF SAND AND SMOKE, THREE MEN FACE GRIM CONDITIONS... COUPLED WITH THE MASSIVE LINK OF AN EYEN GROWWER, FUTURE.



I STILL SAY
WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT! WE'RE
GONNA DIE
OUT HERE,
BENNY!

CUT IT
OUT, WILL YA!!?
HEY, BOY'LL GET
US OUTTA
HERE!!

WE
STILL HAVE
THE MAP AND
COMPASS...
THAT INCREASES
OUR CHANCES
SLIGHTLY!



SOON...

LET'S
TAKE A REST
—I WANT TO
CHECK OUR
COURSE...

GIMME
THE WATER...
I'M DYIN' OF
THIRST!!

LATER!!



YEAH,
HE'LL GET
US OUT... WHO
IS HE...
GOD!!?



COME ON, MAN!
I'LL DIE WITHOUT
THAT WATER... HAND
IT OVER!!

BE NICE
TO THE MAN,
TONY!! HE'S
GONNA GET US
OUTTA HERE...
HE CALLS THE
SHOTS!!

I KNOW,
TONY... EVER
SINCE THAT
KID WAS
KILLED IN THE
BANK JOB,
YOU'VE
TURNED
YELLA!!

IF YOU
HADN'T
PANNICKED,
THAT KID'D
STILL BE
BREATHIN'!

YEAH!!?
WHO FORGOT
THE MONEY
IN THE PLANE??

WHY,
YOU LITTLE
MANGY...

A SPLIT SECOND LATER...

SO
HELP ME...
I'LL KILL
YA!!

OOOOOMMMPPPK

HEY!! NONE OF
US ARE GOIN' TO
MAKE IT IF WE
START KILLIN' EACH
OTHER!!

WHEN THE DAY BEGINS TO FALL
BEFORE THE NIGHT...



...AND WHEN THE BRILLIANT GOLDEN
ORB HAD SETTLED BEYOND THE
MOUNTAINS FAR TO THE WEST...

THERE,
TONY...
ARE YOU
HAPPY
NOW?

GULP
GULP
GULP

EASY ON THE
WATER!! IT'S
GOTTA LAST!

WHY DON'T YOU
BOYS SACK OUT
FOR AWHILE...

...I'LL WAKE
YOU IN AN HOUR.
WE'RE GONNA TAKE
ADVANTAGE OF THIS
COOL NIGHT AIR!!

SHOULD
HAVE LET
BENNY KILL
YIM!! THREE
OF US WILL
NEVER
MAKE IT!

SOON...

BENNY...
WAKE UP...
BENNY...

HUH!?!?

SHHHHH...
LISTEN TO ME...

...WE'LL NEVER
MAKE IT WITH THE
WATER WE HAVE
LEFT...CAN'T LAST
IF WE SPLIT IT
THREE WAYS...
WE'VE GOT TO...

I READ YA,
MAN! I WANT
TO GET OUTTA
THIS ALIVE!

SHHHH...
WE DON'T
WANT TO WAKE
HIM...YET!

HUH??!

SOMEWHERE, A LONG, COYOTE, PERCHED ON A
DISTANT AND UNSEEN MOUNTAIN, HOWLS HIS LOVE
SONG TO A DYING NOON... WHILE, ON THE FLOOR
OF SAND, THE GUTTURAL SON OF DEATH RATTLING
AND KNEELS WITHIN THE VALLEY OF LIFE...BETWIXT
FINITE MORTAL EXISTENCE AND ETERNITY!

HOLD 'IM...
HOLD 'IM!!

?AARRGGHHN? CHOKO
?AARRGGHHN? CHOKO?

GET ME
THE EMPTY
CANTEEN!

WHAT DO
YOU WANT
WITH THAT??

NO QUESTIONS,
HUH?!...JUST
GET IT!

SECONDS LATER...



HOURS GAVE WAY TO DAYS, AS THE DAWN FOLLOWED THE NIGHT IN CONTINUOUS CYCLES!







A LONE SAGUARO...A MINUTE OASIS AMIDST THE VAST SEAS OF SAND...A REPRIEVE FROM ARID DEATH...A LITTLE PATCH OF HEAVEN ON THE PRACHED FLOOR OF HELL!!





THERE! NECTAR OF THE GODS... WATER FOR YOUR THIRST!!

AT LAST...
THANK
GOD, AT
LAST!!



WITH MAMMOTH LUST
BORN OF DEPRIVATION...

AWWWWW
AWWWWW

WATER!!
GOOD!!

WHY
SLURP
AREN'T
YOU
DRINKIN'?

SLURP
SLURP

WHEN
YOU ARE
FINISHED
I WILL
INDULGE!



GIMME
THE CARTON
...DUMP OUT
THAT...

...BLOOD!!

MY
GOD!!
YOU
DRANK
IT!

WHY?!
YOU HAD
WATER...
WE SHARED
IT! WHY?!

SIMPLY,
BECAUSE
I PREFER
THAT CARNAL
LIQUID!

YES, I PARTOOK OF
THAT VILE TASTING WATER...
WOULD YOU HAVE HAD ME
GIVE MYSELF AWAY?!

YOU'RE...
YOU'RE...
A...A...

YES, BUT DO NOT BOTHER
YOURSELF WITH THAT VULGAR
TERM WITH WHICH THOSE OF MY
BREED HAVE BEEN BRANDED; MERELY
LET US SAY, THAT THE TASTES I
HAVE ACQUIRED ARE SOMEWHAT
UNIQUE IN THE REALM OF
THE NORMAL

WHY DO YOU
THINK WE KILLED
YOUR COMPANION?
BECAUSE I WAS
RAVAGED WITH
THIRST! I HAVE KEPT
YOU ALIVE FOR GOOD
REASON! YOU ARE,
IN A MANNER OF
SPEAKING MY
HUMAN CANTEN!!

BUT, IT
IS OF LITTLE
CONSEQUENCE
THAT YOU HAVE
A KNOWLEDGE OF
MY SECRET...

...FOR EVEN
WITH YOUR MORTAL
VISION, YOU CAN SEE
THE CANTEN IS...
EMPTY!!

HA, HA, HA
AN ATTEMPT
AT SAVING
YOURSELF!
HA, NA, NA
HAAAA!

AAIEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

NO EYES WITNESS THE TABLEAU OF BLOOD-STAINED HORROR SAVE THE GLARING OMNIPRESENT SUN, AND BLACK-WINGED DOTS CIRCLING HIGH IN THE CLOUDLESS SKY! WITH LUST SPENT, THE MIND TOYS WITH OTHER PROBLEMS...



STILL ANOTHER SEVENTY-FIVE MILES TO THE NEAREST SETTLEMENT ON THE MAP!

GOT TO MOVE FAST, AND KEEP MOVIN'!!

BEFORE TOO MANY HOURS PASS...



ONLY BEEN A COUPLE OF HOURS, AND ALREADY THE PARCENESS RETURNS!



YOU WON'T GET ME, YOU LOUSY BUZZARDS!

HAVE TO WAIT FOR A DRINK... GOT TO MAKE IT LAST!!



CAN'T STAND IT... MUST DRINK!!

NO!! WHEN THE SUN SETS... THEN HAVE A DRINK!!

MAYBE ONE LITTLE SIP? I SURE THERE'S PLENTY LEFT... JUST ENOUGH TO WET YOUR MOUTH A LITTLE... YEAH, JUST A LITTLE ONE!

JUST DRINK ENOUGH TO KEEP MY TONGUE FROM STICKIN' TO THE ROOF OF MY MOUTH... THAT'S ALL!!



WITH THE PANGING OF THE AFTERNOON SUN, THE INFERNO KEEPS TO ITS FEVER PITCH... YOU RESIST THE WILD, TORMENTED CRIES OF YOUR ROUGH, PARCENED THROAT... RESIST UNTIL ALL FRAGMENTS OF WILL AND SELF-CONTROL ARE LOST TO THE FEEBLE MURMURS OF THE GENTLE WIND!!



THE NIGHT PASSES WITHOUT RELIEF...THE DAWN BREAKS WITHOUT RESPIRE...A MAN AWAKES...WITHOUT HOPE!!





BURDENED WITH THE HANDICAP OF FATIGUE AND MALNUTRITION, IT IS DIFFICULT... MAY, IMPOSSIBLE... TO MANEUVER UPON THE PRICKWORK OF STONE!



MEN SPEAK IN HUSHED WHISPERS BEHIND HOARY
OAK, BRASS-STRAPPED AND BONDED FOR *ETERNITY*...
OR IS IT AGAIN, THAT FLUTING, SENSUAL WIND...
MURMURING WITH HER TORRID BREATH?!



NO...TWAS NOT THE TEPID LIMBS OF A VOLUPTUOUS
BREEZE THAT HELP YOU FIRM IN HER EMBRACE...RATHER,
THE FRIGID, CLAMMY FINGERS OF *DEATH*!!





IN THE FAR REACHES OF THE WORLD... IN THE UNIVERSITIES... THE JUNGLES... THE ASPHALT CARPETED STREETS, MEN SPEAK OF DEATH... RAISING QUESTIONS, THAT EVEN TO THE ANCIENTS, WERE ANSWERED? GUESSING, EVER GUESSING. WONDERING, EVER WONDERING! REASONING, EVER REASONING! AS IF WERE MORTAL COMPREHENSION COULD COMPROMISE THE LAWS! THEY CAST WRATH AUTHORITY TO A WAVING MOON... HOPING KNOWLEDGE WILL FIND THEM... WITHOUT EXPERIENCE!!

Fin

PSYCHO SUMS IT UP:

We think this issue of PSYCHO contains the finest stories and art ever assembled in a horror magazine. Now we'd like YOUR opinion! Number the stories you liked best (from 1-6) and mail your rating to PSYCHO magazine. We'll announce the results in PSYCHO #8.



THE VOW



MIDNIGHT SLASHER



SLEEP



THE HEAP



VOYAGE OF SINBAD



OF A SUDDEN



FRANKENSTEIN



SAND CASTLE

Remarks:

FUTURE SHOCKS:

**A WORLD OF THRILLS AND FEAR AWAITS
YOU IN THE NEXT FRIGHT-FILLED ISSUE OF...**

NIGHTMARE

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THIS BLACK AND WHITE ILLUSTRATION IS A REPRODUCTION
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ON SALE MARCH 30TH

